



THE EGG-FISH

Percival, swelling with pride at his own audacity, led the fair Prunella to a table in the corner of the restaurant. Though he had a spirit above his degree, he had never yet dared to enter quite such a "swell place"—to use his own words—before.

The waiter approached, and Percival looked at him with a serenity he did not feel. With nervous eyes he glanced up from the menu:

"Bring me, please, a dozen oysters!" he demanded, while Prunella looked at him in adoring admiration. "Very sorry, sir," answered the waiter, "but we are out of all shell-fish—except eggs."

"Ah, well!" said Percival, throwing down the lengthy menu. "Bring me two boiled eggs!"

JUST WHY

"Why is a hen immortal?"

"Dunno. Why is she?"

"Because her son never sets."

HER AWKWARD POSITION

Flaxen and forty was Gretchen H. Schmidt, but her chief happiness in life lay in the belief that she looked but twenty.

Dressed in her most fetching get-up, she tripped along to the bank to change a cheque that a kindly providence had wafted in her direction. Incidentally, be it remembered, Gretchen H. S. had her own views on the attractions of the bank cashier.

Smiling the approved dentine smile, at the danger of the loss of her false teeth, she approached the bank counter, and boldly endorsed her cheque: "Gretchen Schmidt."

"Will you cash dis for me?" she inquired of the cashier.

"I'm afraid you have not endorsed this quite correctly," he said, pointing to her signature. "You have forgotten the 'H.'"

Gretchen blushed furiously.

"Is it dat it is necessarrie?" she asked.

"Yes, madam; it must be quite accurate and written in full."

With trembling hand, amid tears of mortification, Gretchen H. S. wrote: "Age forty-one!"

GETTING HIM RIGHT

"Well, did you discover anything in Stump's past life that we can use against him?"

Detective—Not a thing. All he ever did before he came here was to sell awnings.

Election Agent—Why, that's just what we want. We'll say that he has been mixed up in some decidedly shady transactions.—Top-Notch.

WHAT WE MAY COME TO

"Why did you leave your last place?" a lady asked an applicant for the post of parlor-maid.

"Shure, mum," the applicant replied, "I left because they insisted on me usin' the old-fashioned biplane, with niver a chance at the smart new French monoplane that's all the go now."